

A Size That Makes You Shiver

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A Size That Makes You Shiver

by [Shhbequiet](#)

Summary

When George finally moves in with Dream and Sapnap, Dream can't keep his eyes off of his much smaller body.

Notes

size kink fic from dream's pov this time because it's always from george's but we all know dream is down bad

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream played with his fingers nervously as he waited at the airport. George was finally coming to Florida, moving in with him and Sapnap. It was a dream come true, three friends living together and seeing each other in person. Dream couldn't be happier just thinking about it.

Sapnap was busy looking at his phone beside him, but Dream couldn't keep his eyes off the hallway that George would emerge from. He wondered if he would look any different in real life?

Dream excitedly waved as he saw George walking among the crowd of people, he tapped Sapnap's

arm to get his attention. George's brown eyes lit up when they caught the frantic movement of Dream's hand.

He ran up to them, grin plastered on his face. "Hey guys." He stood in front of them.

"Oh come on, George." Dream opened his arms, welcoming him into a hug. George took the offer immediately, arms wrapped around each other and brunet hair rested on Dream's chest.

Oh. George was so small.

Okay, he wasn't that small. But to Dream, who towered over him, he might as well have been a gnome.

Dream let go of the hug and watched as George and Sapnap had their own. His face blushed as he watched their short bodies hug.

He'd already been through this when Sapnap first moved in, when Sapnap looked up at him and complimented him on his height, saying he was probably *taller* than what he claimed. Dream wasn't attracted to Sapnap, but in that moment the thought of crowding his shorter body against the door made his body run hot.

Now, George's even smaller body was here in front of him. And George was pretty and smiling and Dream couldn't take his eyes off of him.

Dream went and grabbed George's suitcases from the conveyer belt, recognizing them from when he watched him pack in discord calls.

"Oh, I can get those, it's fine!" George called out to him.

Dream shrugged him off, "Nah, you're probably tired, it's been a long flight for you."

"Well, if you insist." George said in a sing song voice, not one to turn down Dream's kindness.

"All right come on, I'm driving us back." Sapnap spoke up, key spinning on his finger, and they made their way to the car.

Dream placed the suitcases in the trunk and sat beside George in the backseat. They talked for a little while, and eventually, George fell asleep, head resting on Dream's shoulder. Dream smiled down at him then looked up, flipping off Sapnap as he gave a knowing look through the mirror.

Dream was a little obsessed with their height difference. He even did small things to emphasize it, like moving stuff to the higher shelves so George had to strain to reach them.

One time Dream watched as George stood on his tiptoes, shirt riding up as his fingers brushed the box of cereal he wanted. Dream walked up behind him, hand easily grasping the box as he pressed against George's back. George jumped, "Oh! Thanks Dream."

Dream chuckled and placed the cereal down, "No problem shorty."

George scoffed, "You're just tall."

Dream studied his face for a second, "Yeah, yeah I am."

Another time Dream grabbed George's wrist, "Jeez, look how flimsy you are." His fingers wrapped around the wrist with ease.

George rolled his eyes, "Okay Mr. Fingers are the same length."

Dream laughed, letting go and moving his palm to press against George's. "Look, they're still longer than yours, and my palm is bigger width wise too."

George looked away, "Well yeah it's to be expected, you're just bigger than me."

Later that night Dream jerked off to that phrase and the feeling of George's small hands. He cleaned himself up in shame and fell asleep trying to erase it from his memory.

So Dream had a size kink. He *knew* this. All of his past girlfriends had been much smaller than him, he liked it that way. He liked squeezing a small waist and covering a small body with his larger one. He liked holding down wrists to the bed with one hand. It made his heart race, it worked him up more than anything else could.

But it wasn't like George was *that* small. So why did the thought of their bodies pressed together make him shutter?

He knew why. George was more than a pretty face or a small body, he was funny and smart and just his presence made Dream's day better. Dream liked him. He loved him even. But he didn't want to ruin what they had, so he kept his mouth shut. He could survive with his right hand beneath the sheets, he didn't need any more than that.

George sat beside him on the couch. It was just them, Sapnap was out with a few friends. They watched a movie, some shitty rom-com that wasn't keeping their attention very well. The characters kissed in a moment of passion, sex scene a few seconds away from happening.

George sighed, "What's your biggest kink?"

Dream choked on his water, coughing and trying to compose himself. "What? Where did that come from?"

George shrugged, smile on his face, "Well this couple is just a bit vanilla don't you think?"

Dream stared at him in shock. Should he tell him the truth? He was about to open his mouth when George cut him off, "I bet you have a daddy kink."

Dream sputtered, "Well, I mean I wouldn't say it's my *biggest* kink." Shit, why did he admit to that and why is he digging a deeper hole for himself.

George covered his mouth, trying to stifle his laughs. "I knew it, so what is it then? What gets you hot under the collar?"

Dream swallowed, fuck it. "I like being bigger than someone else," He started. "Like to hold someone down with no effort and drape my body over their small back. Like to feel them squirm but not being able to move because I'm pinning them down so tight and their body is too small to resist."

George looked like a deer caught in the headlights, eyes wide, his cheeks dusted a light pink at his words.

"Someone?" His voice cracked. "Not specifically a girl?"

Dream took a deep breath, "No, doesn't matter to me."

George stared at him, eyes running across his face. He jumped up, lips catching his in a quick kiss. Dream didn't react, surprise preventing him from moving.

George leaned back, "Ugh, I'm sorry, I just thought that maybe..."

Dream grabbed his face, hands covering his cheeks. He leaned down, their lips meeting in a much softer kiss this time.

"I'd be lying if I said I didn't imagine you underneath me every night." Dream stroked his thumb across George's mouth as he spoke.

George's pale cheeks flushed a nice red colour, "I think about you too," he paused. "Think about how nice you felt pressed against my back."

Dream exhaled a shaky breath, "Yeah, want to hold you down and give you everything you need."

"Please," George's intense brown eyes looked up at him. "Want you so bad."

Dream snatched him by the hips, laying back on the couch and bringing George to straddle him. George giggled as he was manhandled into position, their mouths connected in a sloppy kiss, lips moving together like they were their last meal.

Dream clutched his hips tight and ground him down on his lap, George let out a loud moan, dick rubbing against his rough jeans. Dream's lips disconnected and reattached themselves at his neck, sucking marks into his unblemished skin.

George groaned and rocked his hips in the lap below him. Dream's hands tensed and tightened their grip on his hips, stopping his motion. "Did I say you could move?"

George looked shocked for a moment and then shook his head, "N-no, sorry."

"That's right, I know exactly what you need and I'll give it to you baby doll, you've just got to be patient." Dream said while his lips pressed back into his neck.

George whimpered at the pet name, "Yes, d-daddy." He stuttered, unfamiliar with that word.

Dream groaned low in his throat and bucked up, grinding harshly into him. "Fuck, should've never told you that."

George smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek, "It's hot, never used it before."

"Yeah? But you're gonna use it for me?" Dream asked.

George nodded and went back to kissing him, moans being swapped between them. Dream moved his hands to under his thighs and in one swift motion stood up, George's body coming up with him. George squealed at the sudden lift and wrapped his legs and arms around him for stability.

Dream laughed at his reaction and walked them to his bedroom, hands tight on his thighs. He set him on the bed gently, laying him out with his head on the pillow.

"Look at you, my little pillow princess." Dream cooed at him.

George blushed and looked to the side, "Shut up." He said without malice.

"Not denying it? You just want to be taken care of and given everything you want, huh?" Dream ran a hand over the length of his body.

George brought a hand up to his own face and muffled a word into his palm.

"What was that?"

"...Yes," George said more clearly. "Please?"

Dream gave him a fond look, "Of course, anything for you baby doll."

Dream lifted George's shirt above his head, throwing it to the side. He took in his body, his pale stomach and thin wrists that rested next to his head. He kissed him, "So fucking beautiful, you don't even know what you do to me."

George raked his hands through the blond hair above him, pressing up into the kiss and the hands that stilled on his waist. "You make me go crazy, Dream. Make me short of breath with every word you say."

Dream sucked a deep mark on his neck, watching as George's mouth released a short moan. "Gonna make you feel so good." He said as a promise.

He unbuttoned the jeans in front of him, slipping them down George's skinny legs. He palmed at the erection beneath the boxers, relishing in the pretty noises that sounded from a pink mouth.

George's cock flopped out of his boxers as they were pulled down and off. Dream wrapped a hand around it, almost completely covering it. George's legs twisted at the direct stimulation and he whimpered as he looked down and saw how big his hand looked compared to it.

"Look at you, so fucking perfect for me." Dream thumbed at the slit, watching the pre-cum pool out and drip slowly down.

"Hnng, wanna see you too." George choked out.

Dream obliged and shucked his shirt and pants off, he slipped his cock out of his underwear - "Oh my god." George said at the sight. "Fuck, you really just walk around with that thing?"

Dream sheepishly rubbed the back of his head, "I know it's a little big...I don't have to fuck you if you're not okay with it?"

George groaned and flopped his head back in exasperation, "If you don't fuck me I'm gonna scream, it's okay I promise."

Dream laughed, filled with confidence again, "Well the plan is to have you screaming anyway."

Dream reached over and grabbed the tube of lube he kept in his nightstand. He popped open the cap and squeezed a decent amount on his fingers, rubbing them together to warm it up. He grasped the back of George's knee and raised it up, middle finger pressing against his winking hole.

George squirmed in place and tried to rock back into it, urging him to go faster. "Stay still and let me open you up." Dream popped the finger in slowly and eased it in and out.

George sighed happily at the sensation, all too familiar with it. His head laid back on the pillow as he let Dream finger him open, small breaths escaping with each finger added.

"Come on," he whined. "Hurry up!"

Dream pinned his leg to the bed, "Patience, doll." He slipped in a fourth finger, making sure to thoroughly stretch him out. George cried out at the deep stretch, never having to do so much

before. His hips canted back into the fingers, tongue slipping out at the pleasurable feeling.

Dream pulled his fingers out, wiping them on the sheets and ignoring the whine George made at the loss.

"Are you clean? Want me to wear a condom?" He asked, about to reach for one.

George shook his head, "No, please, I'm clean, want you to cum inside." His whole body flushed at his dirty words.

Dream closed his eyes to compose himself, mind going blank. "Yeah, yeah I can do that." He lubed up his cock, hand making big strokes.

He spread George's legs, pushing them until his knees hit the mattress. His body fit perfectly between, thin ankles bracketed his sides. George winced a little at the stretch of his legs, but settled into it easily.

Dream's cockhead caught at the tight hole before easing inside. He went slow, watching George's face pinch in slight pain. "You okay baby?"

"Mmm, yeah." George breathed deeply, "Just s-so big."

Dream groaned and pushed in a little more, "Sorry sweetheart, you're taking me so well though."

"Mhng, feels so good." George wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him into a kiss.

"F-Fuck." Dream moaned in his mouth, praise and the tight heat around him making him buck slightly.

"Ah!" A moan was punched out of George. "S-So full."

The last bit slipped in, hips rested flush against each other. "So good, w-wanna cum!" George sobbed out.

Dream shivered, "Already baby doll? Haven't even moved and you're this desperate."

George nodded frantically, "Please!"

Dream thrust in sharply, basking in the loud moans that immediately left George's mouth. His whole body covered George, hands keeping steady at his legs so he couldn't move.

George's back arched as his prostate was slammed into, desperate moans filled the air as he was taken. "Fuck!" He keened, "So good, so good!" He squirmed in place where he was held down. Dream moaned in his ear at the high voice praising him, hips working even harder.

George's head fell back, drool leaving his mouth to slip down the pillow. His eyes slipped to the back of his head in pleasure. Moans and sobs escaped with no filter as he was fucked into the bed.

He cried out, "Can - Please, c-can I cum, daddy?"

"Fuck," Dream groaned at the plea. "Yeah, milk daddy's cock baby doll."

George arched into the thrusts and whined high at the permission, cock squirting cum all over his stomach. Dream slowed down and moved to pull out, "W-Where are you going?" George panted.

"Was gonna pull out baby, you're gonna get overstimulated." Dream explained.

George shook his head, arms grasping at shoulders and pulling him in, "No, want you to cum inside, please."

Dream bit his lip, holding in a whine and nodded. He flipped George's body around, easily making him settle on his knees.

"Gonna use you like a toy, make me cum doll." Dream resumed his thrusts, no mercy on him.

George sobbed and lowered himself on his elbows, sticking his ass out. His prostate was sore with stimulation but he rocked back into the thrusts anyway, cock slapping onto his stomach and getting hard again.

"Please, cum! Please, please!" George begged as his prostate was assaulted.

"Hm, gonna make you cum again." Dream decided, hand closing around the smaller cock.

George seized up and screamed as he was overstimmed. "H-Hurts!"

Dream paused a moment, "You want me to stop?" He asked seriously.

George shook his head desperately, "No! Please, keep going!"

Dream laughed, "Hurts so good doesn't it, want to cum over and over on daddy's cock, huh?" Dream picked up his pace again, slamming into him.

The words made George's body go hot, "Yes! Please, cum! Wanna cum on daddy's cock again!"

Dream's hips stuttered, orgasm washing over him and cum shooting deep into George.

"Ahhh!" George sobbed at the feeling of cum rushing inside him. He whined and came again, cock jerking in Dream's big hand, dry orgasm making his head spin.

Dream pulled out, watching the cum slowly spill out. George collapsed on the bed, legs shaking. A blanket was pulled over him and Dream cuddled up behind him. "You okay? I was pretty rough." Dream smothered his hair with kisses.

"Yeah, was perfect." George croaked out, voice a little rough after all the screaming.

The compliment made Dream warm inside, "So good for me too." His hand pet the small waist in front of him. "Georgie?"

"Mm, yeah?" George replied to the nickname.

Dream took a deep breath, "I love you."

George turned over in surprise before a soft look took over his face, "Yeah," He paused for effect. "I love you too."

Dream smiled and cradled him in his arms. Here right now, with his lover, he was the happiest he could be.

His hand squeezed George's small waist, yeah, definitely happy.

things that i am 100% certain dream has:

a size kink

a daddy kink

a praise kink

a big dick

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